

scan by faceless

MAGAZINE of the YEAR!\*

# VIZ

# 100<sup>th</sup>

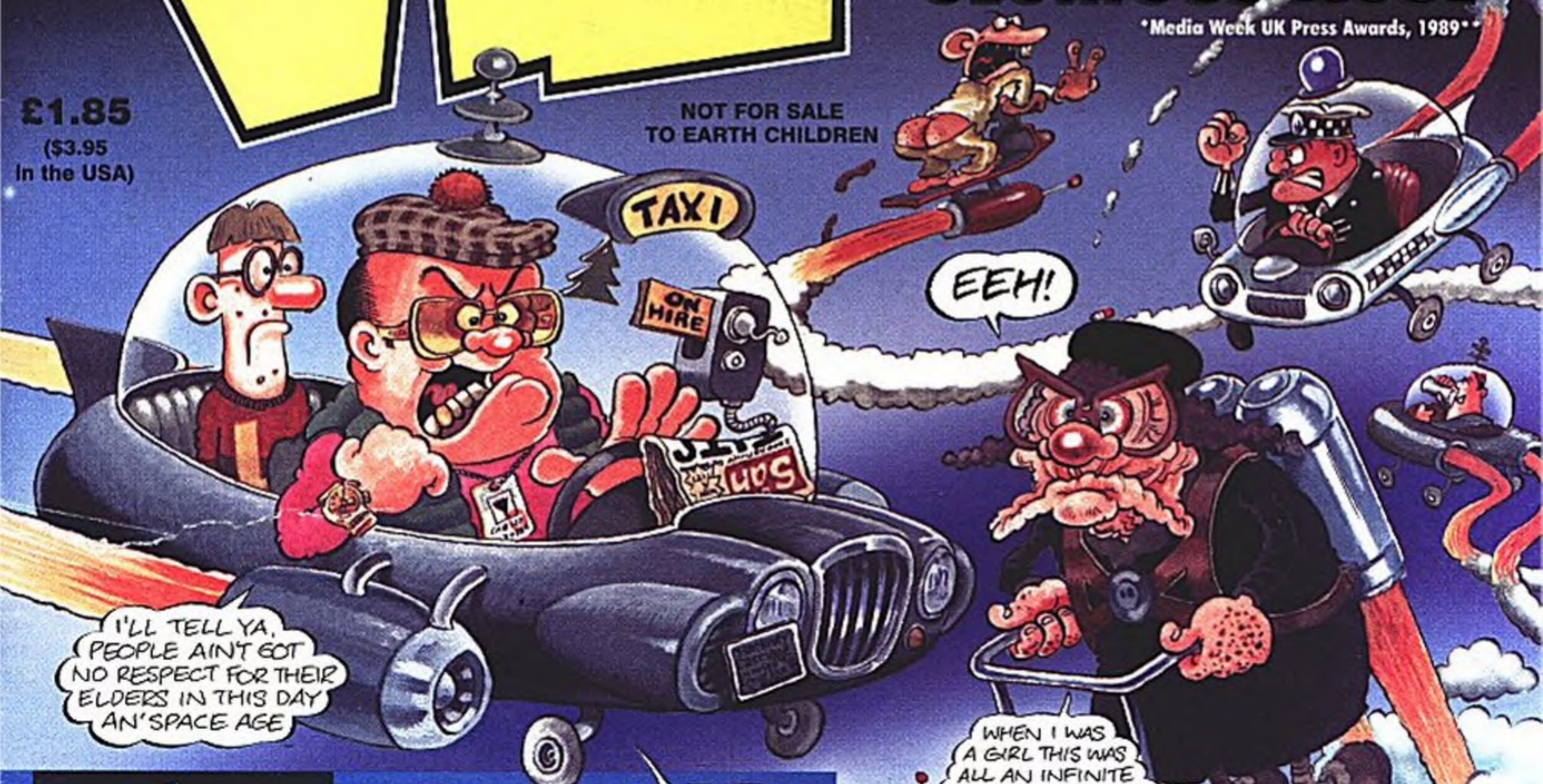
## GLORIOUS ISSUE

\*Media Week UK Press Awards, 1989\*

£1.85

(\$3.95  
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NOT FOR SALE  
TO EARTH CHILDREN



# VIZ

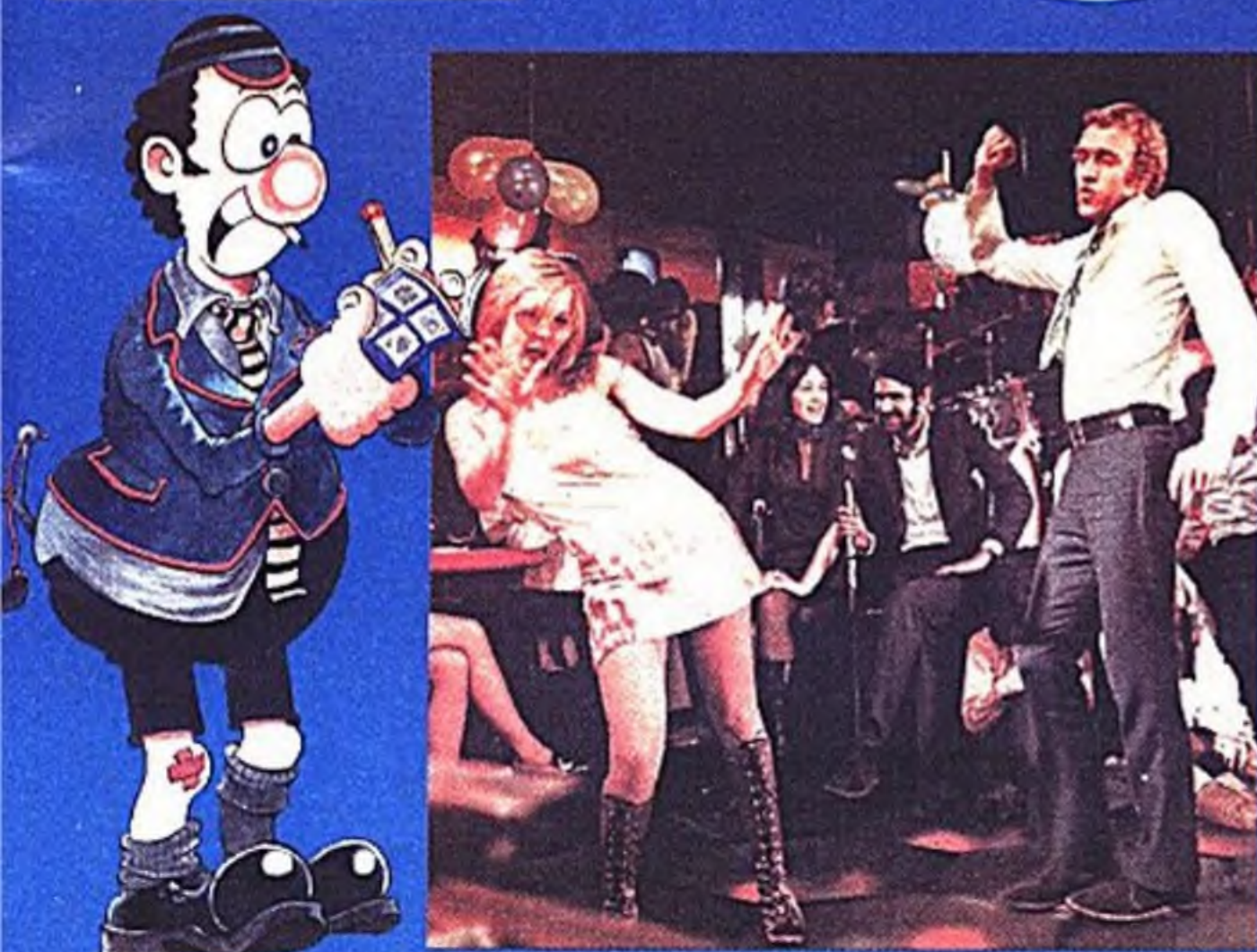
Why-aye!  
**SPY**

# FRIDAY NIGHT OUT

GEDDAAHT  
THE BLADDY  
WAY, YOU  
SHTOOPID  
CAAH!

1/-

(OR FREE WITH VIZ  
ISSUE 100)





Over THREE DOZEN  
**PROFANISAURUS**  
& **TOP TIPS**  
RRP\* ~~25~~ **OUR PAGE 8**

# Allied Contents

**Spring Sale  
NOW ON!**

Two pages of letters  
**LETTERBOX**  
~~WAS ON PAGE 8~~ **NOW ON PAGE 6**



**The Return of the  
PARKIE**  
p46



Read **NOW!**  
with **NOTHING** to laugh  
about 'til **Feb 2001**

**CARTOONS!**  
Dozens of page-  
sized remnants!

Sorry! Only ONE laugh per reader

from only **p3**



**HOW AN AD AGENCY  
WORKS**

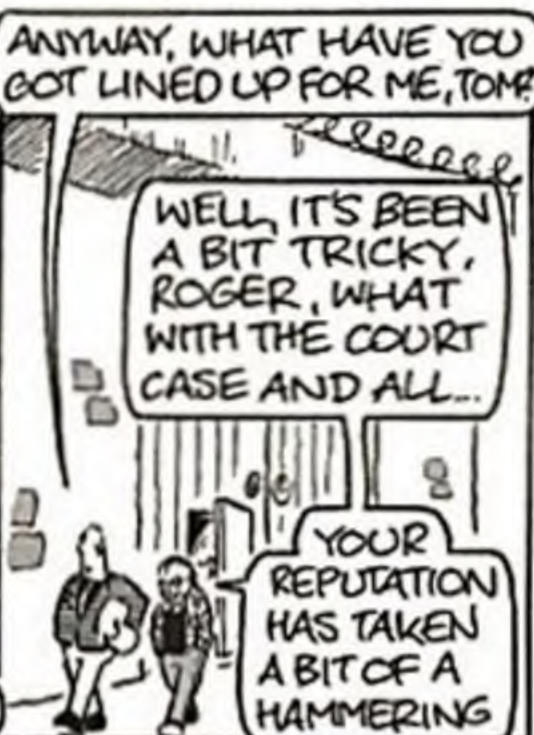


staples and  
folding included  
**FREE!**

**WE  
ARE  
HERE**



Information correct at time of going to press. All jokes available from stock. Offers end 21-3-00





TIME TEAM, EH? I LIKE IT. THAT ARCHAEOLOGY STUFF IS THE NEW ROCK & ROLL. WHEN DO WE START?

TOMORROW! THE TEAM HAVE JUST 3 DAYS TO UNCOVER A ROMAN VILLA

SO IT'S IMPORTANT YOU GET THERE ON TIME. SHOOTING STARTS AT 8am

NEXT DAY, 2pm

WHERE THE HELL IS ROGER? HE SHOULD HAVE BEEN HERE SIX HOURS AGO

SUDDENLY (SORRY I'M LATE, TOM. I WAS OUT CELEBRATING LAST NIGHT AND I GOT ABSOLUTELY...)

HANG ON! I'VE GOT ANOTHER BLEEP!

EH?



FOR GODS SAKE... THIS IS A SYSTEMATIC SCIENTIFIC SURVEY. EVERYTHING HAS TO BE METICULOUSLY MEASURED, PLOTTED AND PHOTOGRAPHED



LISTEN, TOM. HOW ARE WE GOING TO SPLIT THE TREASURE? I DON'T TRUST HIM FOR A START. WE CAN CUT HIM OUT...



WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? ANY FINDS GO TO THE MUSEUM. ANYWAY YOU DON'T DO THE DIGGING





# Letterbocks

*It's the page that wears a silver suit, goes to work in a hover-car and eats a small pill instead of a three course dinner.*

## Star Letter

□ Nothing really. I was just testing the new e-mail service on my mobile and your address was handy. Sorry.

D. Falk  
e-mail

*Congratulations D. Falk. There's a Profanisaurus mug and a £100 Star Letter prize winging its way to you.*

□ In issue 6 you asked your dyslexic readers to write in and spell the word 'fuck'. As a dyslexic, I find this personally insulting, and having just finished the article I thought I should voice my concern.

R. Baker  
Cheshire

## A bit of the udder

□ Have any of your readers been disturbed, like my wife, by what could be the first lesbian zoophilia adverts on British telly? I mean the one where a great big horny cow, udders swinging, chases the woman around, shamelessly after a bit of 'cross-species carpet munching'. What's going on there?

Dean Wright  
Staffordshire

*Have you got something to tell us? Maybe you committed some dreadful murder many years ago and the guilt is eating away at you. Or maybe you've just heard your grandson say something innocently amusing. Whatever it is, write and tell us at Letterbocks. There's a Roger's Profanisaurus Mug for every letter and Top Tip we publish.*

Letterbocks  
Viz Comic  
PO Box 1PT  
Newcastle upon Tyne  
NE99 1PT  
Faxophone: 0191 2414244  
electro-mail viz.comic@virgin.net

## Bottle of Becks



□ Father of the Millennium award must surely go to David Beckham. Unlike many fathers, he is prepared to endure excruciating pain to have his son's name tattooed in fancy Old English capitals across the top of his arse. I doubt many of his critics would show a similar love for their children.

J. Vance  
Cardiff

## Don't try this at home



□ Davina McCall says that dangling off a helicopter over the Grand Canyon on a 700 foot bungee rope was the most terrifying and dangerous thing she has ever done. She must be forgetting that she went out with Stan Collymore.

M. Duckworth  
Poole

## Organ music

□ A good heart these days is hard to find, sang 80's popster Fergal Sharkey. How true. My husband has been waiting on the hospital transplant list for 7 months.

Big Vicky  
e-mail

□ Coming home from London on a GNER train last week, the steward announced over the tannoy that the buffet was open for the sale of tea, coffee, sandwiches and home made cakes and pastries. I'd like to know in what way they are home made? Did the driver's mum bake them that morning and send him to work with them in a tin?

J. Bristol  
Cursitor

□ Christmas seems to come earlier every year. My next door neighbours have already got a Christmas tree growing in their garden- in February. It's absolutely ridiculous.

J. Bishop  
Oslo

□ As a mincing homosexual, I am utterly sickened by the fact that the perfectly good word 'gay' is being hijacked as a socially acceptable term for 'happy' by retired, purple-faced army Majors who read the Daily Telegraph. I for one will not allow these tweed-clad buffers with their handlebar moustaches to stop me using the word in its proper context, meaning 'on the other bus'.

J. Wilson  
London

## It's good to stalk

□ Psychologists tell us that it is practically unheard of for stalkers to attack the objects of their obsession. This must be some comfort to the 50% of The Beatles who haven't been shot or stabbed.

J. Van der Lande  
Den Haag



□ "We shall fight them on the beaches, we shall fight them in the fields and on the landing grounds," said Churchill in 1939. Unusual use of the word 'we'. I was on Omaha Beach having my leg shot off and I can't remember seeing Winnie anywhere. Perhaps I missed the bit where he said "We shall fight them 50 feet underground in a reinforced concrete bunker."

S. Whiting  
Carlisle



□ Thought you might like to know what goes on in the Cotswolds.

Pete Coulton  
Heaton

□ I smoke 80 a day, but I am unable to take any comfort from the statistics that say I am just as likely to be ran over by a bus as I am to die of lung cancer. That's because I live on Sark.

R. Le Feuvre  
Sark

□ So Sting is able to shag his wife for five hours without going off. I know how he feels. My wife is no oil painting either.

J. Leonard  
Hull

## Really useless engines

□ After the Paddington Rail crash, it was impossible to get away from anyone who ever caught a train calling for John Prescott to resign. Well my kids watch Thomas the Tank Engine regularly, and their trains crash more often than a Sinclair ZX81. Why then does no one go on TV calling for the Fat Controller to resign? I for one would travel by road if I ever visited the Isle of Sodor.

Oz  
Huddersfield

□ I don't know what Roy Castle is complaining about. I got cancer of the ears from listening to trumpet records in a fag factory.

T. Evans  
Pitlochrie

WE'RE OPERATING WITH A SKELETON STAFF TODAY





□ Around lunchtime last Sunday, I saw four bald men erecting a greenhouse. Surely this must be some kind of record.

**N. Brown  
Newton Hill**

Is this a record, or do you know different? Perhaps you've seen six slapsters building a shed, or maybe you witnessed five men with alopecia putting up a lean-to. Write and tell us at the usual address and we'll give a prize to the best letter we receive. Mark your envelope 'Garden Building Baldies' and enclose a £5 judging fee. The winner will receive the first thing we can lay our hands on in the stationery cupboard.

## False economy

□ They say that artificial Christmas trees are every bit as good as the real ones. Nonsense. We spent a fortune on a high quality imitation Norwegian Spruce last year. It looked nice enough and dropped no needles. But come January it took 5 hours and six hacksaw blades to chop it up, and the branches stank of burning plastic when we put them on the fire.

**C. Donkin  
Northumberland**

□ With reference to your search for the most miserable sod at work. I came across this sorry looking individual in the catalogue for 'Kee Klamps pipes and fittings'. I mean, would you really want this man promoting your business?

**K. Hunt  
Poole**



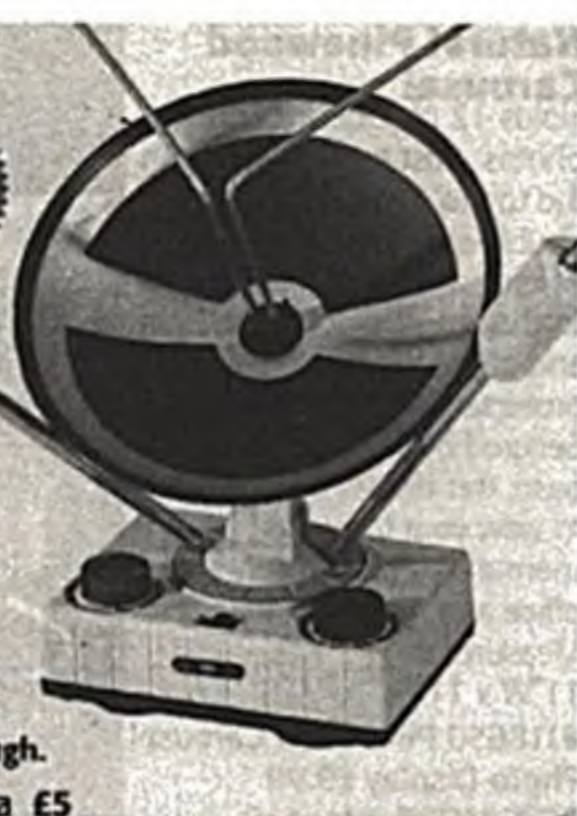
□ Let's hope that 'Heartbeat' manages another 8 series or so. I for one can't wait for the hilarious day the first punk rocker turns up in Aidsfield.

**Spud  
Luton**

### Amazing "Dish" Antenna Works Indoors!

- Works like any ordinary rabbit ears.
- Put one on every TV in your home.
- Compatible with all TVs
- Works entirely via "RF" technology - to capture signals right out of the air!
- You pay NO satellite fees because you DON'T use satellite signals!
- Not technical razzle-dazzle but a marketing breakthrough.

#J54220 TV "Dish" Antenna £5



□ Please find enclosed one of the cheekiest unsolicited adverts for a crap product ever to fall out of a newspaper. "Marketing breakthrough" - too right, because if they shift just one of these to anyone who has even one of their marbles left, then they're the king of salesmen.

**Stuart Edwards  
Hertfordshire**

□ With reference to the above letter. I think it's very sad how cynical people are in this day and age. I think the Amazing Indoor TV Dish Antenna, costing £5 and promising to get you terrestrial channels plus all satellite channels free of charge really will work.

**J. Booth  
Wednesbury**

## Royal flush

□ I want it known that I have sat on the same toilet seat as the Queen, hubby Phil, son Charles and his late wife Di. I was a copper here in Perth and one of the crappier jobs in my career was to babysit Government House. When the Governor General was away we had free range of the place and never missed a chance to sit on the shitter in the Royal Suite and wonder what went through those great minds as they sat and strained. Not much judging by the lack of wall poetry. Have any of your other readers crimped off a length in such hallowed halls?

**P. Buzz  
West Australia**

□ Do any of your readers have Carol Vorderman's telephone number? I'm

on 'Who Wants to be a Millionaire?' next week and all my mates are as thick as pigshit. There's a bag of sand and a shag in it for her if I win the big one.

**S. Bunny  
Rochdale**



□ All this wank about the Millennium Bug. Britain spends £85 billion, and the only thing that crashes is Q out of the Bond films.

**T. Hall  
Tewkesbury**

□ On the subject of Bond film boffin actor Desmond Llewellyn, he was always telling 007 to 'pay attention'. Perhaps if he practised what he preached and paid atten-

tion to the road he'd now be happily 'Q'-ing for his pension instead of being dead. And if he'd had his wits about him he could have used his ejector seat or something.

**Louise  
Leytonstone**

□ Having studied the facsimile of Viz number one, included with your 20th anniversary issue, I wish to express my incredulity that there was ever an issue two.

**Martin Bradley  
Middlesex**

## In the frame

□ My favourite 'You've Been Framed' clip is the one when that bloke is waving cheerily to all those people from his car, completely unaware that he's about to be shot in the head. The look on his wife's face!

**Chuck Wanker Jr.  
Des Moines**

## The New Years' Resolutions of the STARS



**Boneo Mono-named Irish singer.**

I'm going to write a book. I've been meaning to do so for many years and I think the time is now right. I don't know what it will be about, but it's going to be at least 8 inches thick, with really small type and no pictures. It might even go into two volumes.

**Sting Mono-named Geordie popster.**

I intend to have it off with my wife constantly throughout the millennium. I started at Midnight on January 1st, and although I will probably have been dead for 950 years, I hope my remains will shoot their fossil wad up Trudies mummified muff as Big Ben ushers in the year 3000.



**David Beckham Footballer.**

Posh spends about £4000 a week on lizards, so my New Year's Resolution is to buy her a 12 foot Komodo Dragon, the biggest lizard in the world. They only live on a few small Indonesian islands and they're endangered, so they're really expensive.

**Anne Robinson TV presenter.**

I say it every year, but this year I mean it. I'm going to give up smirking. I used to just have one or two in the evening after my dinner, but now I'm on about 40 a day. I even smirk on the telly doing watchdog. It's a bad example and it gets up people's noses.



**John Prescott Uncouth Transport Minister.**

In line with New Labour policy, I am going to use my cars a lot less than perhaps I have done in the past. For example, in the new Millennium, I will walk when travelling between the sofa and the fridge to get my big pies.





# Roger's PROFANISAURUS

**THANKS** once more to everyone who has sent in an entry for Roger's Profanisaurus. Keep them rolling in. If you've ordered a mug and haven't received it yet, keep your hair on. We know we said to allow 28 days and it's been nearly three months now, but it has been so popular that it's into its third limited edition printing. Everyone should have theirs by the middle of February. Sorry, but the offer is now closed.



**barber's floor n.** A particularly hairy biffer.

**Batmobile n.** Descriptive of the state of one's brass eye after a particularly hot *Ruby Murray*, as in; "I had a real ring stinger at the *Rupali* last night. My arse is like the back end of the *Batmobile*".

**Bobby Charltons n.** cf. *Charltons*. Rogue pubic hairs trapped under the foreskin that stick themselves across the dome of your bell end, in the manner of the erstwhile centre-forward.

**cheddar apple n.** A very large, cheesy bell end.

**cock-a-doodle-poo n.** The shit that, needing to come out, wakes you up in the morning.

**coconut minge-mat n.** Pubic hair you could wipe your feet on.

**crack maggot n.** See *man overboard (qv)*.

**cumbeard n.** A white coagulated sperminiferous goatee beard worn by a lady who has helped herself to a double portion of *spangle*.

**fridge magnet n.** A man whose successive girlfriends' sexual appetites are a source of disappointment, as in; "Trish won't take it fudgeways either. What am I, a fridge magnet?"

**gentleman's wash n.** A hurried washing of the male genitals (usually in a

pub toilet sink) in anticipation of forthcoming sex.

**hairy knickers n.** Descriptive of when a lady removes her knickers and her minge makes it appear that she has yet to do so. An extremely well-carpeted *barber's floor (qv)*.

**jam session n.** An improvised ragtime duet.

**man overboard n.** A bald man in a boat whom you fear has become detached from his mooring, but which turns out to be a pellet of compressed toilet paper.

**N.B.R. abbrev.** No Beers Required. A good looking woman. Opposite of a *five pinter*.

**playing the upside-down piano sim.** The overture to the second movement of *hiding the sausage. Ferkyfoodling*.

**PORT abbrev.** A politically correct term for a bird with small tits. Person Of Restricted Tittage. eg. *Jilly Goulden*.

**Rolf Harris eating a banana sim.** Descriptive of the close-up intercourse scenes in a very blurred, 200th generation *scruff video*.

**semen-olina n.** Spunk of an especially lumpy nature.

**shitsophrenia n. medic.** The condition where the sufferer alternates between having wild squirts and

normal bowel movements.

**sink plunger n.** A tug administered by an inexperienced woman where she appears to be attempting to snap your *banjo* and pull your *fiveskin* over your *clock weights* - the action she would use when unblocking a sink. Opposite of a *squid wank*.

**snob sick n.** Vomit with plenty of canapes and Chardonnay in it outside a wine bar.

**sweetcorn itch n.** An itchy ringpiece due to insufficient wiping.

**thighbrows n.** A profusion of bikini overspill. *Loose baccy*.

**througher n.** A 24-hour drinking session. A *Leo Sayer*.

**Toblerone tunnel n.** The gap, triangular in cross section between the tops of a slender woman's thighs and her *skin gusset*, into which a *Toblerone* would slide neatly.

**top hat n.** The implausible action of a lady with three blokes up her *wizard's sleeve*. After a dish of the same name in the Restaurant on the Stenna Ferry, consisting of three pork sausages in mashed potato sitting in a Yorkshire pudding.

**wanksmith n.** An enthusiastic or workmanlike *onanist*.

**warthog whammies n.** Fantastic tits on an ugly woman. cf. *heffalumps*.

**CONVINCE** friends and neighbours that you are a heavy smoker by colouring your finger tips with a yellow marker pen.

Kerry P. Harlow

**FOOL** your friends into thinking you are insane by inviting them round for dinner and greet them at the door naked with 'HELP ME' cut into your chest with a razor blade, eating shit out of an ice-cream container. Watch them laugh when you reveal it was a joke.

Lachlan e-mail

**DON'T** throw away those disposable razors until I think of something amusing to do with them.

Peter Busby Perth

## TOP TIPS

**DESIGNERS** of internet porn sites. Ease congestion of the net and decrease downloading time by putting the pictures upside down with the minge at the top.

Peter Bushby again Perth

**MAKE** people think you have your very own *RoboCop* by walking a few yards behind a policeman on the beat, pointing a remote control at his back, twiddling the knobs everytime he turns a corner, scratches himself or bashes somebody.

B. Pushby Perth

**MALE** readers. Add vital extra inches to your

penis by swapping the traditional 'up and down' method of masturbating for a rolling motion similar to that used when making a plasticine sausage.

Rob Baker Crewe

**CREATE** your own sauna by climbing naked into a wardrobe with a couple of strangers, occasionally throwing water over a one-bar electric heater.

Marc Blake e-mail

**SMOKERS.** Save money by rolling up the net curtains in any good pub and lighting the end. Hey Presto! A fag with about 20 years worth of smoke in one go.

Ross & Keith Lincoln

**CONVINCE** neighbours opposite that you have a PC by staring into the corner of your bedroom whilst tapping on an oblong piece of wood, pausing occasionally to masturbate furiously.

P. Watson Gateshead

**GREENGROCERS.** Pretend you are a QVC telly presenter by talking to your customers about onions in a patronising way for 3 hours.

J. Mingewater Feltham

**GENTLEMEN.** Tempt the ladies to gobble you off by marinating the old man in Bailey's before you hit the town.

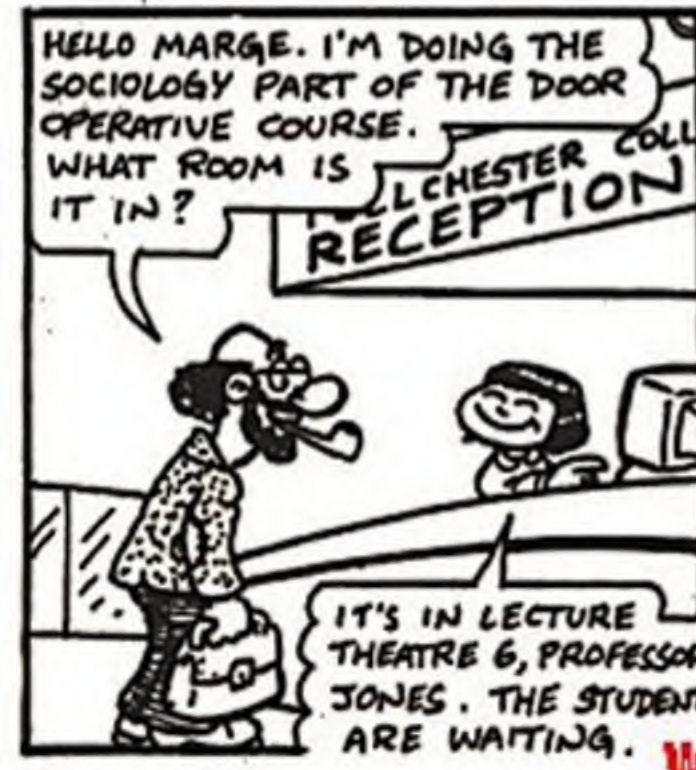
M. Partridge e-mail

## Our Wardrobe's a Microbe





# NORMAN the DOORMAN





# 8AGE

REY. THIS IS ME LAST  
EVVAH F-FFUCKIN' GOBFUL  
IN ME LAST EVVAH F-FFUCKIN'  
TIN O' THE ACE... AN' A'M  
GUNNA F-FFUCKIN' ENJOY  
THE CUNT.



AN' A KNAW A SEH THAT  
EVEREH 8 TINS - BUT THIS  
TIME A REEELLY DO  
MEAN IT.



HEY! CUM BACK  
Y'P-FF-FFUCKIN'  
BASTOD! THAT'S  
ME LAST F-FFUCKIN'  
MOUTHFUL!



A'LL WRING ITS  
FFUCKIN' NECK...  
F-FFUCKIN' CUNT'S  
GOT ME LAST  
SWIG.



F-FFRIGGIN' B-BB-BIRDS. THEH  
KNAW NOUT ABABT A MAN'S  
NEEDS... MEKKIN' ME CLUMB UP  
THIS F-FFUCKIN' TREE...



JESUSS... ME F-FF-  
FFUCKIN' 'EAD...



LOOK AT US. THAT F-FF-  
FFUCKIN' BB-BIRD'S BRUNG  
US TO THIS. SUCKING SOIL  
FER A SWIG OF ACE.



BURRIT'S NOT THAT  
BIRD'S FAULT. A'VE  
F-FFUCKIN' DUN IT TER  
MESELF.



ITS THE ACE WOTS DUN  
IT. A CAN SEE IT AAALL  
NOW... WHY SHE TREATS  
US LIKE SHITE. A DUN'T  
EVEN DESERVE TER BE TRETT  
LIKE SHITE. A'LL TELLER WOT'S  
BRUNG US LOWER THAN SHITE.



AY-UP. WOT'S  
THIS?



P-FOOM!



GREETINGS, O MASTER.  
I AM THE GENIE OF THE  
LAMP ETC. ETC. I CAN  
GRANT YOU ONE WISH!  
WHATEVER YOU DESIRE,  
SO SHALL IT BE!





# HE THINKS IT'S NOT OVER...

**A JAPANESE National footballer, unaware that the 1966 World Cup has been over for nearly 34 years, has been discovered in a changing room at Wembley Stadium.**

Demolition men were surprised to discover 60-year-old centre forward Satoru Nakajima hiding behind some towels, where he had been living since his country's first round match against Portugal in June 1966.

## trick

Nakajima refused to accept the workmen's assurances that the game had ended over three decades ago, insisting that they were part of a Portuguese trick.

## uni

And it was not until the 1966 Japanese squad manager, Mr. Iwao Takamoto, 102, was brought to the stadium to confirm the news, that Nakajima came out from behind his towels.

## poly

During the world cup match, Nakajima had been told to limber up in the dressing room as he was to be brought on for the last ten minutes.

## sukki

However, Portugal scored three times in the second half, and the demoralised manager forgot all about him.

# IT IS NOW!

Another load of bollocks from our Sports Correspondent

Stan  
PIESHOP



Nakajima (above, circled) in the 1966 squad, and (right) as he appeared yesterday.

Nakajima spent the next 34 years waiting for the call from the bench, eating discarded orange peel



and drinking bath water and Lucozade Sport.

## The NEWS in BRIEFS with RICHARD BAKER



● Britain's oldest mayfly, Harold Cooper of Leeds has died at the age of 25 hours 16 minutes. This now means that Gladys Sanderson of Blackpool is the oldest living mayfly, at 24 hours 47 minutes. The oldest mayfly in the world is believed to be Xiao tse Deng of Kiangsi, China, who claims to be 28 hours 33 minutes old.

● Former World champion racing driver Damon Hill has never passed his driving test! According to a new biography published this week, the F1 ace has to get his dad, the late Graham Hill, to sit beside him whenever he ventures onto public streets.

● 38-year-old Crawford McBinnie couldn't believe his eyes when he opened up a disused barn on his late grandfather's farm in Auchtermuchty, Fife, and discovered the Nazi war machine under a tarpaulin. Virtually unrecognisable under a thick layer of dust and chicken droppings, the infamous contraption is to be restored and put on permanent display at Flamingoland, North Yorkshire.

● Leather-clad 70's glam-rocker Alvin Stardust was last night helping Mansfield police with their enquiries after a jammed toaster which he had taken to Currys to be repaired was found to contain several slices of obscene toast. Stardust's solicitor emphasised that the singer - real name Shane Fenton and the Fentones - had gone to the station voluntarily and had not yet been arrested or charged with any offence.

● 13th century Neapolitan theologian St Thomas Aquinas has been voted the most influential figure of the Millennium in a poll of 1000 leading European academics. Second choice was 16th century heretical astronomer, mathematician and physicist Galileo Galilei, whose observations of the phases of Venus proved that the Earth actually orbited the Sun. In third place was Robbie Williams.





OH, LORDY!

IT'S...

# THE FAT SLAGS



I'VE JUST SEEN THE DOCTOR OUT, SAN. WHAT DID HE SAY?

IT'S THE 'FLU

SNIFF!

A R AL BAD CASE! HE SAID I'VE GOT TO STAY IN BED FOR AT LEAST A WEEK

WORRA SHAME! IT'S BAZ'S BIRTHDAY TODAY, AN' ALL. WE'RE GOIN' DOWN THE DOG AN' HAMMER

AYE!

SNIFF!

LATER...

TRAY, PUSH US TO THE BOGS, WILL YA? I'M BUSTIN' FORRA PISS. SNIFF!





# THE ADVENTURES OF BILLY CONNOLLY



IN SCOTLAND.

JINGS! THE QUEEN IS STAYIN' AT BALMORAL CASTLE FER THE WEEKEND

NOO'S MA CHANCE TAE REALLY IMPRESS HER

HER MAJESTY LOVES TAE SEE WEE FURRY ANIMALS GETTIN' KNACKED

PET SHOP

SO AH'VE PURCHASED THIS FOX TAE TAK' TAE BALMORAL AN' KILL IN FRONT O' HER

DING-DONG

OCH, HER MAJESTY WILL BE BRAW IMPRESSED WHEN AH BASH THE WEE BEASTIE'S BRAINS OOT W' MA BANJO

GUID AFTERNOON, YER MAJESTIC HIGHNESS

WID YER PERMIT ME TAE BATTER THIS WEE FOX TAE DEATH, FER YER DELECTATION?

HIGH DELIGHTFUL... BUT WHERE IS THE CREATURE, MR CONNOLLY?

CRUVENS! IT'S ESCAPED OOT THE CAGE!

AH'VE GAUT TAE FIND THAT FOX

AH CANNAE KEEP THE QUEEN WAITIN' NOO THAT HER BLOODLUST IS UP

ACH, AH KIN SEE ITS GINGER FUR TUFTIN' OWER THAT WALL

AH'LL JIST THROTTLE THE LITTLE DE'IL W' MA BANJO STRING

JINGS! IT'S PUTTIN' UP AN AFFY BIG STRUGGLE

STRANGLE

TSK, YOU IDIOT - YOU'VE JUST GAROTTED THE DUCHESS OF YORK

MIGHTY! IT WIS FERGIE'S GINGER HAIR THAT AH SAW

STRANGLIN' THAE DUCHESS HAS COST ME MUCKLE PRECIOUS MINUTES

NOO WHAUR KIN THE FOXIE BE HIDIN'?

SEE FERGIE'S GRAVE - £25

TICKET OFFICE

OHO! THERE'S ITS TAIL TWITCHIN' BEHIND THAT HEDGE

TEK THAT!

YOWCH!

CRUNCH

OCH M'BOAB - IT WISNAE THE FOX, IT WIS STEPHEN FRY'S HAT

THROB

WHIT ARE YE DAB'IN CREEPIN' AROUND BALMORAL GROUNDS WEARIN' A DAVY CROCKETT HAT

MMNYAH, I WAS MERELY ENDEAVOURING TO CATCH AND BITE THE HEAD OFF A GROUSE, IN ORDER TO IMPRESS THE QUEEN

WHIT? AWA' W' YE, AH WIS HERE FUST!

JINGS! THAT MUS' BE MA FOX SCRITCHIN' ABOOT IN THAE FLOWERBED

RUSTLE

SCRATCH

MMNYAH, LET ME KILL IT FOR HER MAJESTY

STAB! HIT! HURT! KILL!

AY SAY, GENTLEMEN, HAVE YOU SEEN MY FAVOURITE PET CORGI ARYND ANYWHERE? HE APPEARS TO HAVE GORN MISSING.

SHORTLY...

MMNYAH, FIDDLESTICKS.

CRUVENS!

TRAITORS GATE

AH'VE KILT IT! AH'VE KILT IT!

MMNYAH! NO, I'VE KILLED IT

AY WOULD BE TERRIBLY UPSET IF ANYTHING HAD HEPPENED TO HIM

OOT O' MA WAY, YE LANKY SASSENACH, IT'S MINE!



# My trip to London by Johnny Footpants (aged ten and three quarters)







ROLL-UP! ROLL-UP!  
THERE'S ROOM INSIDE  
— TWENTY-FIVE  
KNICKER A RIDE!



COME ALONG NOW, LADIES  
AND GENTLEMEN! YOUR CHANCE TO  
SEE LONDON FROM A AIRTIGHT  
GLASS BUBBLE! EACH RIDE LASTS  
HALF AN HOUR, MISSIS! TWENTY-  
FIVE NOTES A THROW! ROLL-UP!  
ROLL-UP!

THREE,  
PLEASE!



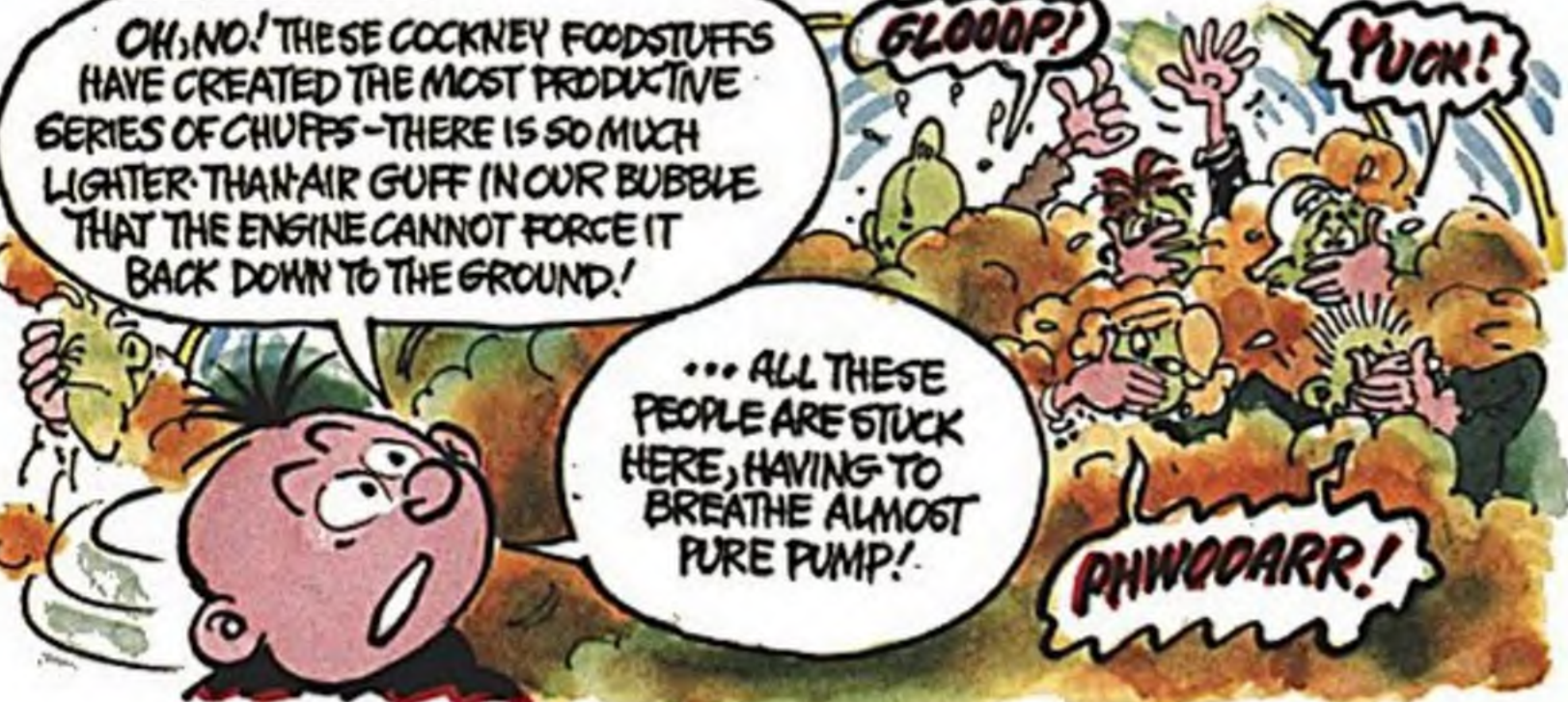
IT'S A GOOD LONG RIDE!  
GOOD JOB I BROUGHT SOME  
SPECIAL LONDON SNACKS WITH ME  
— SULPHURED WHELKS AND SPROUT-  
FED EELS AND MASH!



15 minutes later...

HEY!  
THE WHEEL SEEMS TO  
HAVE GOT STUCK AT THE TOP!  
NO MATTER HOW HARD THE  
ENGINE WORKS IT JUST  
CAN'T PULL IT  
ROUND!

EH?



OH, NO! THESE COCKNEY FOODSTUFFS  
HAVE CREATED THE MOST PRODUCTIVE  
SERIES OF CHUFFS—THERE IS SO MUCH  
LIGHTER-THAN-AIR GUFF IN OUR BUBBLE  
THAT THE ENGINE CANNOT FORCE IT  
BACK DOWN TO THE GROUND!

... ALL THESE  
PEOPLE ARE STUCK  
HERE, HAVING TO  
BREATHE ALMOST  
PURE PUMP!

GLOOMP!

YUCK!

PHWOARR!



JESUS!  
WHAT A  
STINK!  
I CAN'T  
TAKE ANY  
MORE!

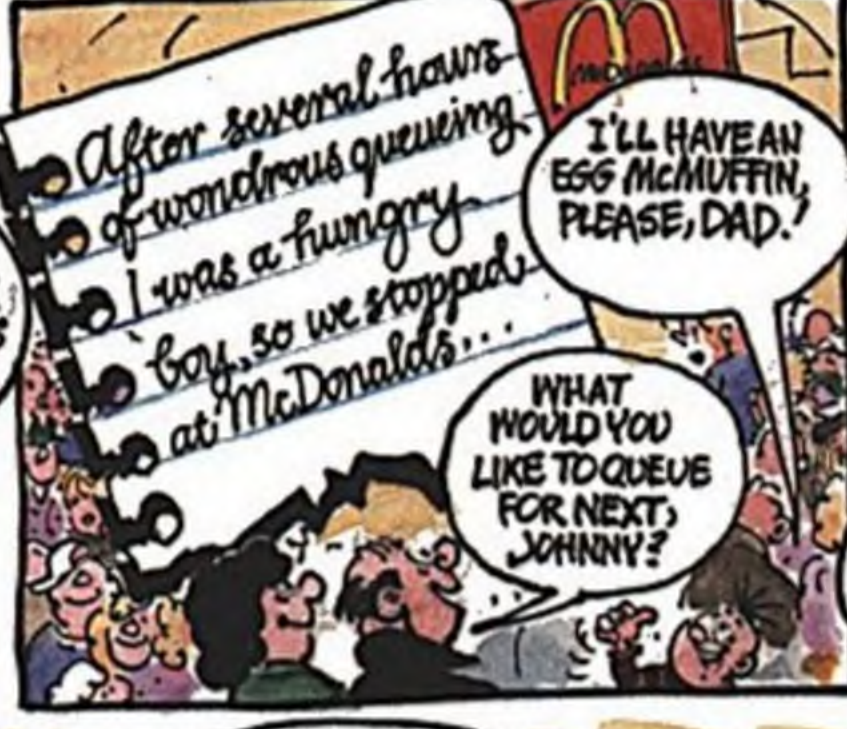
WAAAAAH!  
HAAAAAH!

GOODBYE  
CRUEL  
WHIFF!



WOW!  
JOHNNY! ISN'T  
IT ENORMOUS!

YES, DAD!  
IT'S EVEN BIGGER  
THAN THE QUEUES  
AT DISNEY  
WORLD!



After several hours  
of wondrous queuing  
I was a hungry  
boy, so we stopped  
at McDonald's...

I'LL HAVE AN  
EGG McMUFFIN,  
PLEASE, DAD.

WHAT  
WOULD YOU  
LIKE TO QUEUE  
FOR NEXT,  
JOHNNY?



Little did Mum  
know that shortly  
afterwards I would  
create a whole new  
attraction at the  
Dome...

I WONDER  
WHERE JOHNNY'S  
GOT TO?

WOW! LOOK  
AT THE SIZE OF  
THIS ONE! WHAT  
DO YOU THINK  
THEY'RE  
QUEUEING  
FOR?



COUGH! COUGH!  
THIS IS MARVELLOUS, JOHNNY! EVEN  
QUEUEING FOR HOURS TO SMELL YOUR  
FARTS IS BETTER THAN ANYTHING ELSE  
IN THIS SHAMEFUL MONSTROSITY!

HEAR! HEAR!  
HOORAY FOR  
JOHNNY!

YES!  
WELL DONE,  
JOHNNY!

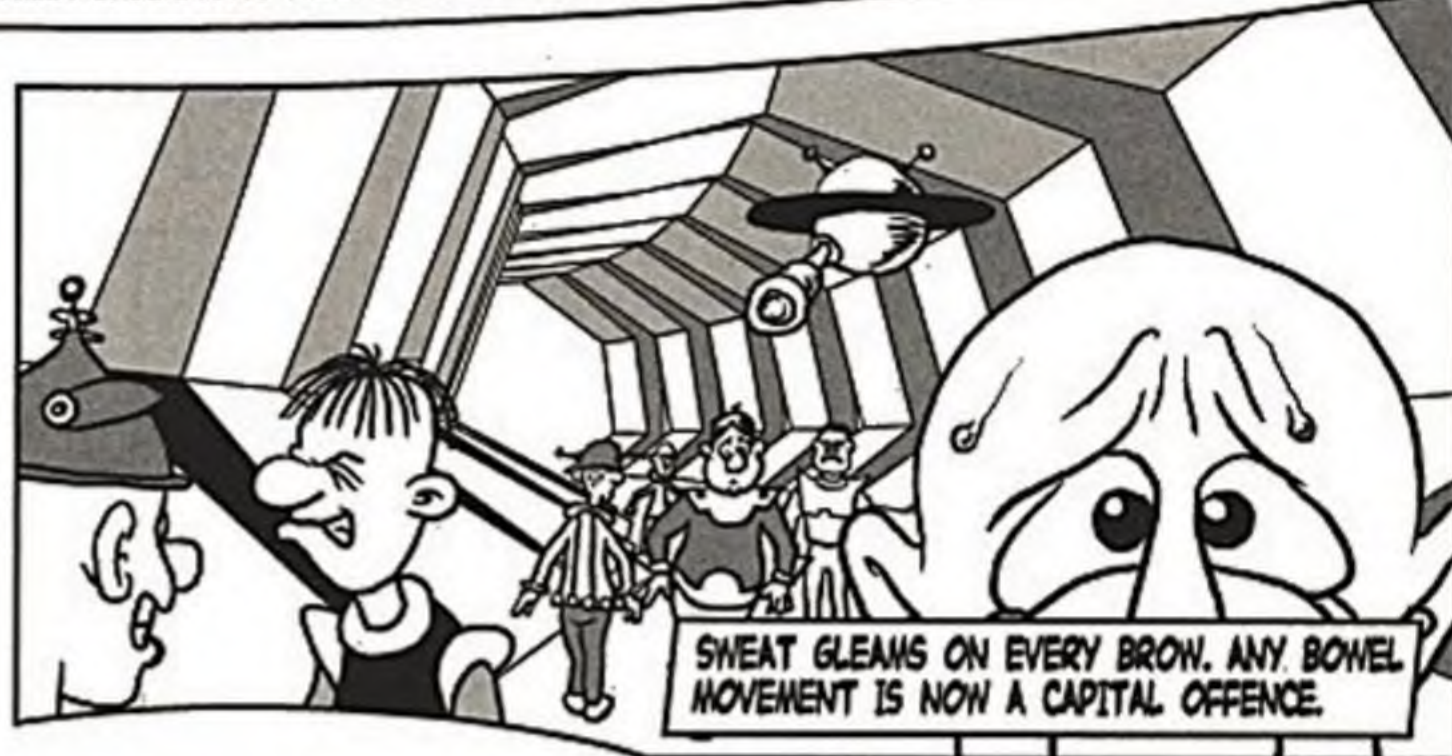
The  
Eggy  
Zone



# 2000 AD

A BILLION CITIZENS SCURRY LIKE ANTS BENEATH THE SPIRES OF THE CITY, THEIR UNDERPANTS PURE AS THE DRIVEN SNOW. THE WHOLE WORLD IS IN THE IRON GRIP OF...

## THE BOTTOM INSPECTORS

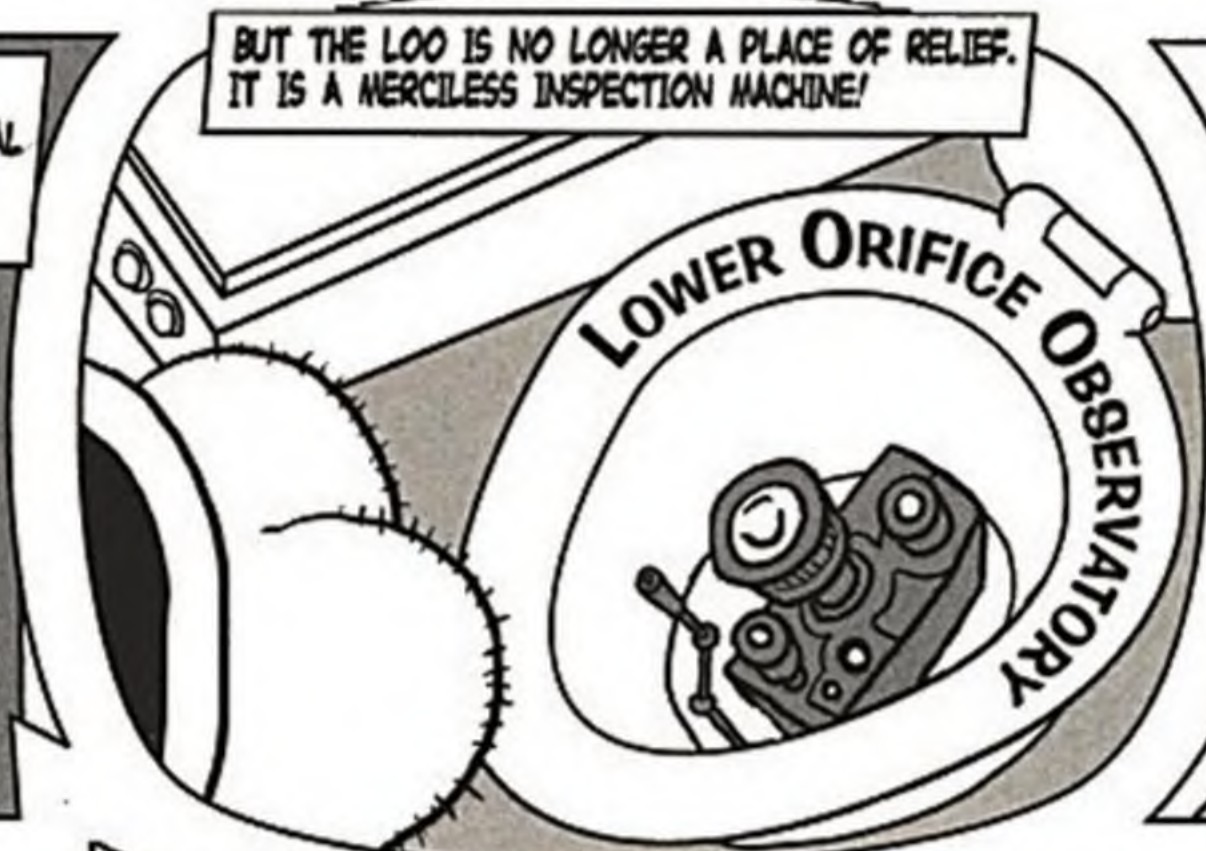


SWEAT GLEAMS ON EVERY BROW. ANY BOWEL MOVEMENT IS NOW A CAPITAL OFFENCE.

LIKE EVERY OTHER CITIZEN, WINSTON SMITH MUST DO HIS DUTY. WITH HIS ONE ALL-IMPORTANT OFFICIAL SQUARE OF TOILET PAPER, HE MUST PAY HIS DAILY VISIT TO A SPACE-AGE SUPERLOO.



BUT THE LOO IS NO LONGER A PLACE OF RELIEF. IT IS A MERCILESS INSPECTION MACHINE!



WIPE WITH YOUR PAPER AND INSERT IT INTO SCANNER FOR SPOTLESSNESS CHECK!



CLOSER BOTTOM INSPECTION REQUIRED! PART BUTTOCKS AND COUGH!



BUT THE STRAIN HAS FINALLY BECOME TOO MUCH...



GNNN!

POP!



ERROR READING IN BOWL A! INSERT BOTTOM AND RETRY!



OH NO! THE WORST BOTTOM CRIME OF ALL! GOT TO GET AWAY!



I'VE TREASURED THIS ONE PIECE OF TOILET PAPER SINCE I WAS BORN! WELL, I'M A DEAD MAN ANYWAY - WHY NOT?





BUT THAT ONE SQUARE WAS NOT QUITE ENOUGH...

NOT SO FAST!

ARE YOU IN ANY BOTTOM DISCOMFORT, CITIZEN?

NO, NO, THE O.B.I. STANDARD ISSUE UNDERPANTS ARE VERY COMFY, THANK YOU!

I CAN'T WALK LIKE THIS! THE BROWN EYE IN THE SKY WILL SPOT ME! BETTER GET ON THE SPACE-AGE MOVING PAVEMENT!

BIG BROWN EYE IS WATCHING YOU

YANK!

GUSSET SPOTLESS?

REALLY TIP TOP! COULDN'T BE FRESHER!

THEN YOU WILL HAVE NO OBJECTION TO SHOWING ME... YOUR PAPER!

GULP!

AIEEEEE!

AHA!

SKIDMARK ALERT! SKIDMARK ALERT!

SNURF!

GET HIM!

SKIDMARK ALERT! SKIDMARK ALERT!

SKIDM... FZZT!

BUMP!

OBI

ALL OUR LIVES WE'VE HAD TO KEEP IT IN!

- AND THIS BASTARD HAS LOGGED OUT?

GET HIM!

BURN HIM! BURN HIM!

BUT WAIT... IT DOESN'T HAVE TO BE LIKE THIS! I READ AN OLD BOOK ABOUT THE 1900S! PEOPLE DID THEIR TOILET BUSINESS WHENEVER THEY LIKED, AND IT ALL WENT INTO SEWERS, UNDER THE GROUND!

THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA! JUST MAYBE...

YES! AN OLD MANHOLE!

WHERE DID HE GO?

OH, DEAR.

IN THE NEXT CHILLING INSATIALMENT WINSTON BEGINS TO FORGE A NEW LIFE IN THE DARK AND DANGEROUS UNDERGROUND WORLD OF THE RECTUM REBELS!!!



# Mr. LOGIC

hmm...

# versus

# KING KONG





# WEE BOY GEORGE

POOR WEE GEORGE HAS NAE MONEY TO FRITTER, ON HIS HEART'S DESIRE - A GOLDEN SHITTER....

BUTTOCK WORLD

ACH! THAT'S A BRAW 24 CARAT ERSE! BUT MAH MEASLY POCKET MONEY WILL NEE STRETCH TAE IT!

NOD, REMEMBER, SON! NAE HANGIN' ABOUT THAT ERSE SHOP. GAN STRAIGHT INTO TOON AN' PICK UP MAH NEW TARTAN KILT!

OOPS! AH ALMOST FORGOT!

KARMA KARMA KARMA KARMA CHAMELEON KILT SUPPLIES

HAD ON! THAT KILT SHOP HAS JUST GIVEN ME A CANNY IDEA O' HOW TAE RAISE SOME BOOTY FER THAT GOLDEN BUM!

AND SO... HULLO, GEORGE. SAY! AH HEARD YE DONE WROTE A CATCHY WEE TUNE, FORMED A POP BAND, AND HAD A SUCCESSFUL HIT RECORD. IS THAT SO?!

AYE! AND AH MADE ENOUGH MONEY TO BUY THAT BONNIE WEE GOLDEN ERSE!

HERE YE GO, SON!

BUT, BACK HOME...

WHERE ON EARTH HAVE YE BEEN, BOY GEORGE?! AN' WHY HAVE YE NO' FETCHED HOME MA KILT?

TUT! AH KNEW YE'D BE WASTIN' YER TIME ROOND THAT ERSE SHOP, SO AH SENT YER WEE BROTHER, ELTON TO GET MAH KILT, INSTEAD.

AH'M BA-ACK!

HERE HE IS, THE NOD.

DID YE PICK UP MAH NEW KILT, OKAY, OOR ELTON?

AYE, DAD! AN' GUESS WHAT? AH ONLY WENT AND TURNED OOT TAE BE THEIR MILLIONTH CUSTOMER!

AN' JEST LOOK AT MAH PRIZE! A RUBY STUDD, PLATINUM ERSE, THAT SHITES OOT GREET BIG DIAMOND TURDS!!

HELP MAH BOAB!!

FUCKIN' KNACKERS!

BOOT!

AH-CH.

OH JINGS! IN ALL THE CONFUSION O' HAVIN' A SUCCESSFUL POP CAREER, AH PLUMB FORGOT TAE COLLECT IT



**Is it a snake? Or is it a shed?**  
 It's EACH! It's ANY! It's BOTH! And yet it's NEITHER!  
 It's a **SNAKE SHED**

"Come to the Rupali Restaurant, Bigg Market, Newcastle upon Tyne"  
 Says Abdul Latif, Lord of Harpole & Shed enthusiast

## Cow and Horse Joke

I'M OFF TONIGHT TO GET SLAUGHTERED. ARE YOU COMING?

NAH. I'M KNACKERED



**YUMMY GUMMY!**



FRESH TASTING always



In the environmentally aware world of the 21st Century, WIGGLIES RETREADS is the first recycled chewing gum. Chiseled from the pavements of Guatemala City every morning, it is refreshed by the chewing action of our skilled craftsmen, before being painstakingly sorted by flavour.

available in  
FOUR FANTASTIC  
FLAVOURS

SLIGHTLY SPEARMINT  
PROBABLY PEPPERMINT  
FAINTLY FRUITY  
DEFINITELY DOGSHIT



"Last week I gave my wife a new coat  
...of WIFE-EX!"

## Wife Paint

covers unsightly spouses in seconds\*



\*extremely ugly wives may require more than one coat of Wife-Ex

MANUFACTURED BOY BAND SENSATION



**BOYZ**



**WZ**



THE BAND THAT'S TOPPED FOR THE TIP.

THE BOYZ ARE DESPERATELY TRYING TO PROMOTE THEIR FORTHCOMING TOWN SHOW AT WEMBLY STADIUM...

FLASH! FLASH! FLASH! FLASH! FLASH!

WE'RE PLAYING WEMBLY TOMORROW FOR YOUR FAVORITE MUSIC!

STOP!! STOP THIS NOW!!

NOBODY'S BUYING TICKETS WE'RE DOING THIS ALL WRONG I'VE BEEN SPEAKING TO MANDY, OUR STYLIST, AND HE SAYS WE'RE OLD NEWS. WE HAVE TO KEEP UP WITH THE TOP ACTS FASHION, LADS

SO I'VE BOOKED YOU AN APPOINTMENT AT A TOP COSMETIC SURGEON - NOW

NEXT DAY... YOU'RE THE BEST, GIRL, IN THE LAND I JUST HAVE TO HOLD YOU, IN MY HAND

UNIVERSAL SCREAM!!

TONITE! BOYZ! BOYZ!



# Countdown to Armageddon!

New Year's  
Honour's List 2000

KNIGHT OF THE BRITISH  
EMPIRE

Norman Wisdom, Actor. For services to avoiding tax by living in the Isle of Man, falling off a ladder in a suit that's too small, and shouting 'Mr Grimsdale.'

Richard Branson, Grinning Ladyboy Entrepreneur. For services to customs fraud, being allergic to fanny batter and snapping his banjo whilst watching 'Barberella'.

Sean Connery, Actor. For services to avoiding tax by living in Spain, not being able to do accents and hitting his wife with an open hand.

Henry Cooper, Boxer. For services to getting chinned of Cassius Clay and Lloyds of London, doing roofing felt adverts and getting bitten on the arse by a snake.

DAME OF THE BRITISH  
EMPIRE

Elizabeth Taylor, Boozy, Fat actress. For services to avoiding tax by living in America, getting married loads of times and being the only grown up prepared to be Michael Jackson's friend except for Dianaa Ross.

Julie Andrews, Nanny actress. For services to avoiding tax by living in America and flashing her knockers once in her career in a suspiciously engineered tit-prop garment.

LORD KNIGHT  
COMMENDER OF THE  
ORDER OF THE DUCHY  
OF CORNWALL

Lord Sir Richard Ffitch-Ffitch Chipchase Strothers de Montifiore-Ffitch, KG, GCMG, GCVO, Earl of Cumbernauld, Baron Glenlivvit For services to making a hat for the Queen mum.

CBE

Keith Armitage, Air-Sea Rescue Helicopter Winchman. For 27 years service to the Naval Rescue Unit, but specifically this year because he was seen doing it on a BBC documentary.

Hilda Cretis, Lolipop lady. Token award to provide patronising 'common touch' photo opportunity for the Prime Minister.

...and Twat's  
a fact! with TV Twat  
Giles Brandreth  
Did you know that there are no elephants WHATSOEVER in Japan, except for the one in zoos and safari parks.

By our Defence  
Correspondent  
**BOBBY CRUSH**

safe halt in a ploughed field near Thetford.

## sisters of mercy

A spokesman for the Pentagon attempted to play down the significance of yesterday's incident. "There was never any danger that Professor Hawking was going to reach Moscow and explode. We were aware of his position all the time and absolutely confident we could turn him back," said Pentagon spokesman General Silas T. Oysterburger.

## dollar

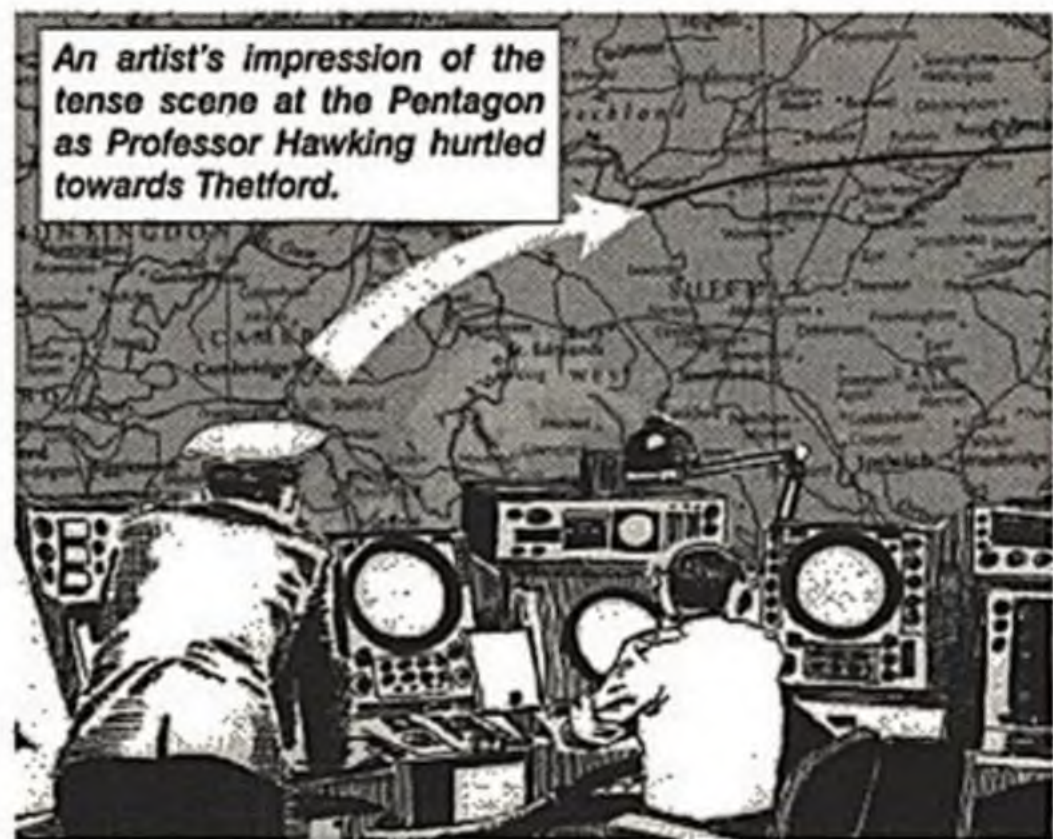
"In a worst case scenario he would simply have fallen harmlessly off the end of Felixstowe pier."

## bucks fizz

Professor Hawking was yesterday recovering at

## A Brief History of Professor's trip

An artist's impression of the tense scene at the Pentagon as Professor Hawking hurtled towards Thetford.



home after his ordeal. "Stephen is doing some really difficult sums at the moment, but it's safe to say he won't be Russian

about much in the foreseeable future," his wife Mrs Professor Hawking quipped to waiting reporters.

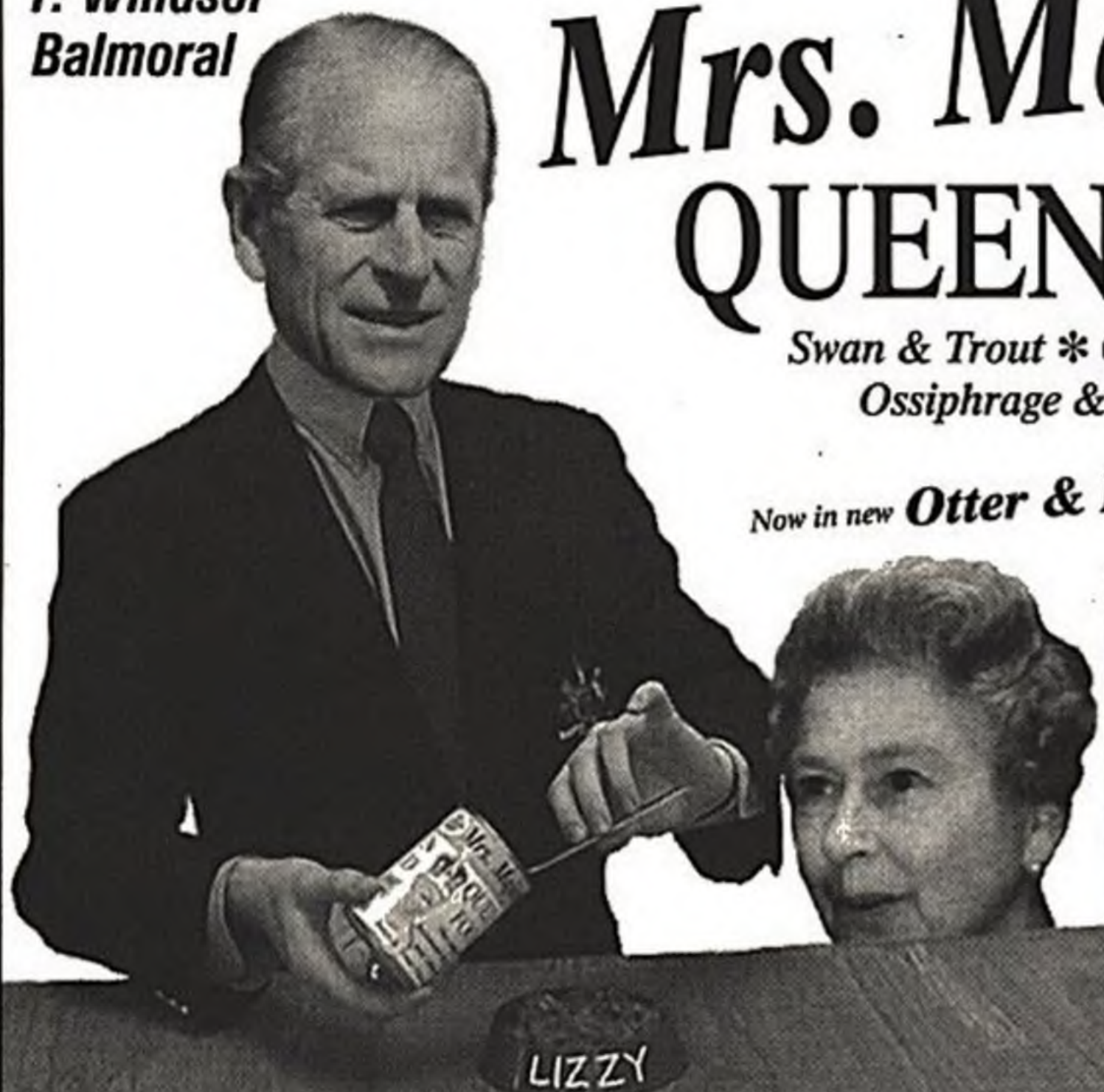
**"My Lizzie can't get enough of Mrs. Majesty. She's only has to hear one opening the tin and she immediately stops waving and opening things, and her little queen feet come scurrying into the kitchen for her tea."**

P. Windsor  
Balmoral

## Mrs. Majesty QUEEN FOOD

Swan & Trout \* Caviar & Quails \*  
Ossiphrage & Hummingbird

Now in new **Otter & Flamingo flavour!**



9 out of 10 kings who expressed a preference said their wives preferred Mrs. Majesty Queen Food





# Council in Rat Row

**A WAKEFIELD man whose house is overrun with love-rats yesterday slammed penny-pinching council chiefs who have refused to act to sort out the problem.**

Unemployed bus driver Eric Fletcher, 58, first discovered evidence of love-rat infestation at his Crofton home last August.

**face**

He told us: "I came down one morning to find my wife sitting in the kitchen with an unusual expression on her face. On closer inspection, I realised that her breasts had been nibbled by a love-rat."

**richard**

Thinking he could deal with the problem himself, Mr Fletcher bought a trap which he baited with his wife.

"About 2 in the morning, I heard the trap go off and ran downstairs. I put the kitchen light on and I found womanising Defence Minister Alan Clark limping round in circles, squeaking. I finished him

**EXCLUSIVE**



*Fletcher - furious*

off with a spade and threw him over the hedge." Mr Fletcher then went back to bed and thought no more about it.

**thorburn**

However, later that night there was evidence that love-rats were still getting into the house.

"I was awoken by a loud



*Rat Pack: Baldwin yesterday, Mellor last week and Cook on May 4th 1998 yesterday*

scrabbling sound coming from my wife's side of the bed," he said. "When I turned on the lamp, I was amazed to see three enormous love-rats - London mayoral candidate Steven Norris, royal cad James Hewitt and Coronation Street's Mike Baldwin - having sex with my wife."

**michelemore**

As soon as they saw Mr Fletcher, they scampered for cover.

"Frankly, they were a bloody nuisance," recalls Eric.

**hanger**

"They got cheeky. Foreign Secretary Robin Cook would come out in



*The love-rat infested house in Turd Road, Crofton*

broad daylight and scuttle the wife while she was making my dinner. I even found a tunnel behind the bath where former Heritage Minister David Mellor was getting in and chewing her fanny.

**hook**

"After a couple of weeks of it, I called in the coun-

cil. That was six months ago, and they've never even phoned me back."

Wakefield Council spokesman Terry Sands told us: "We are aware of Mr Fletcher's problem, but following an exceptionally mild Summer there has been a particular love-rat problem throughout the borough.

**d'Azur**

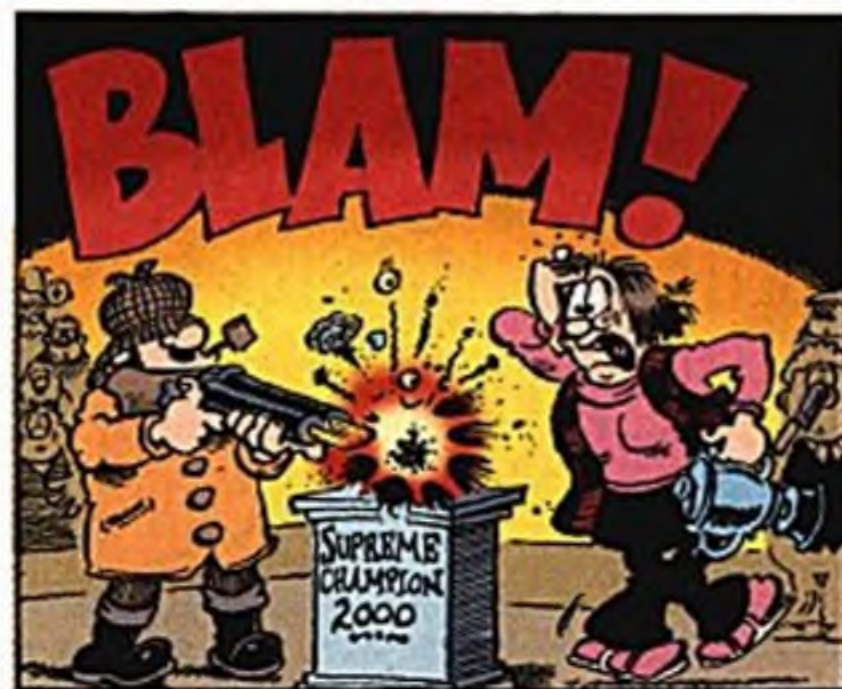
"The local authority has to prioritise its resources, and unfortunately we are legally bound to deal with infestations in public areas - such as seedy motels and secluded bistros - first."

And he had this advice for anyone wishing to avoid love-rat infestation:

\* **MAKE** sure that her underwear is cleared away. A washing line of your wife's pants and bras is an open invitation to love-rats.  
\* **DON'T** leave your wife lying around unattended. Keep her out of harm's way in a locked room.

\* **KEEP** your eyes peeled for tell-tale droppings, such as discarded election rosettes or pin-stripe trousers on the bedroom floor.







# THE ADVENTURES OF LITTLE SHANE MCGOWAN





# THE CRITICS

John Fardell '00

O.K. Gabriel, it's time for our weekly parole board meeting... What have we got?... The usual collection of borderline sinners wanting to move up from purgatory?

Actually, your saintliness, we've got a reincarnation case to consider...



Natasha and Crispin Critic... They were murdered by an angry playwright a few months ago... If you recall, you had them reincarnated as fleas.\*

Ah yes... Now remind me how the rules of reincarnation work...



\* See Issue 96

Well, they've reached the end of their flea life spans... Now each time they're reincarnated they can move one small step up the evolutionary scale, until finally they become full human beings again.

I see... So which insignificant parasite comes next up the lot from fleas?... Lice?... Tapeworms?... Leeches?...



Er, no... They're all a bit further up the scale... The species just higher than fleas is critics.

Oh no!

One trembles with anticipation at the prospect of descending once more to enlighten humanity...

...Continuing the long and distinguished tradition of artistic criticism into a new millennium...



Long and distinguished tradition!?!... What have critics ever contributed to the history of artistic endeavour?

If you look back through the ages, you'll see that the critics' role has been invaluable...



We critics were there from the dawn of mankind... Humble midwives to the Birth of Art...



This style of primitive realism seems so neanderthal...

Yes... A rather Hemingwayesque macho obsession with hunting...



The guiding cultural voice of the ancient civilisations...

Superficially impressive in a vulgar sort of way, I suppose, but surely just an ephemeral fad...

Absolutely... I mean, one can't see these things lasting...



Critics were there throughout the Middle Ages... Encouraging... nurturing...

Phew! The most ambitious piece of tapestry ever attempted, completed at last!

My fingers are worn through to the bones!



Oh dear!... One hardly thinks that the mere craft activity of needlework can rate alongside the real arts.



Enriching society with our perceptive insights...

Ah yes!... This artist paints bold red crosses across wooden, door-like canvases... These playful splashes of colour surely convey the joy of life, the sheer exuberance of human existence...

Bring out yer dead!





Florence 1502...

Oh yes! A masterpiece! The most important work Leonardo has produced... A work of genius!

Thank you... I must admit, I am rather pleased with how this painting's come out.



Paintings?!... We're not talking about your painting!

Indeed not!... Everyone knows that painting is a dead art form...



We're talking about your installation piece over there...

But that's my bed! I just got up!



London 1600....

Hugely popular with ordinary people... Fast-moving plots... Bawdy comedy... In short, a total prostitution of poetic literature...

Absolutely! But what can you expect from a provincial tradesman?.. I mean, Stratford, for heaven's sake!.. That's practically Birmingham!



Vienna 1791...

This Requiem's really going well, Constanzia... You know, I think I'm going to get over this illness and live to a ripe old age, composing hundreds more pieces of beautiful music...

That's great Wolfgang... Look, Herr and Frau Kritik have dropped in to listen to your work in progress...



Ah!.. That's amazing, Wolfie!.. Your best work yet...

Hmm...



Shallow and sentimental... Far too melodic... Too many notes...

As banal and worthless as everything else this third-rate composer has written.



My life's work has been a waste of time!..

Choke! Cough!.. I'm finished!.. Cough! Cough!



Well, we must be going now, Herr Mozart... Glad we could offer some constructive criticism.

You should listen to Salieri's stuff. He really knows how to write great music.



I've seen enough!.. I can't allow you to infest the world again... I'm going to send you down to Hell.

Just a minute, your saintliness. There's a more recent example of our own work which we really think you should see...



Just a little article we rattled off for today's Afterlife Times...

Hmm... Let's see...

"A review of The Gospel According to St. Peter... My gospel!... I didn't think anyone still read that... It's been out of print since the 3rd Century. The bastards said it was apocryphal..."



"In this unjustly neglected little masterpiece, St. Peter presents us with a gritty eyewitness account of life in 1st Century Palestine... A truly great writer, far superior to the over-rated Matthew, Mark, Luke and John..."

Well, I won't disagree with you there...



"Surely St. Peter is the original great theological biographer... Sheer genius..."

Oh, well, I don't know about genius... Still, it is nice to get some recognition at last...

We know several newspaper editors who'd be interested in running this review back down on earth... If we ever got the chance to submit it, of course...



Ahem... I've always said that you critics have a special role in society... Making unbiased, objective assessments for posterity...

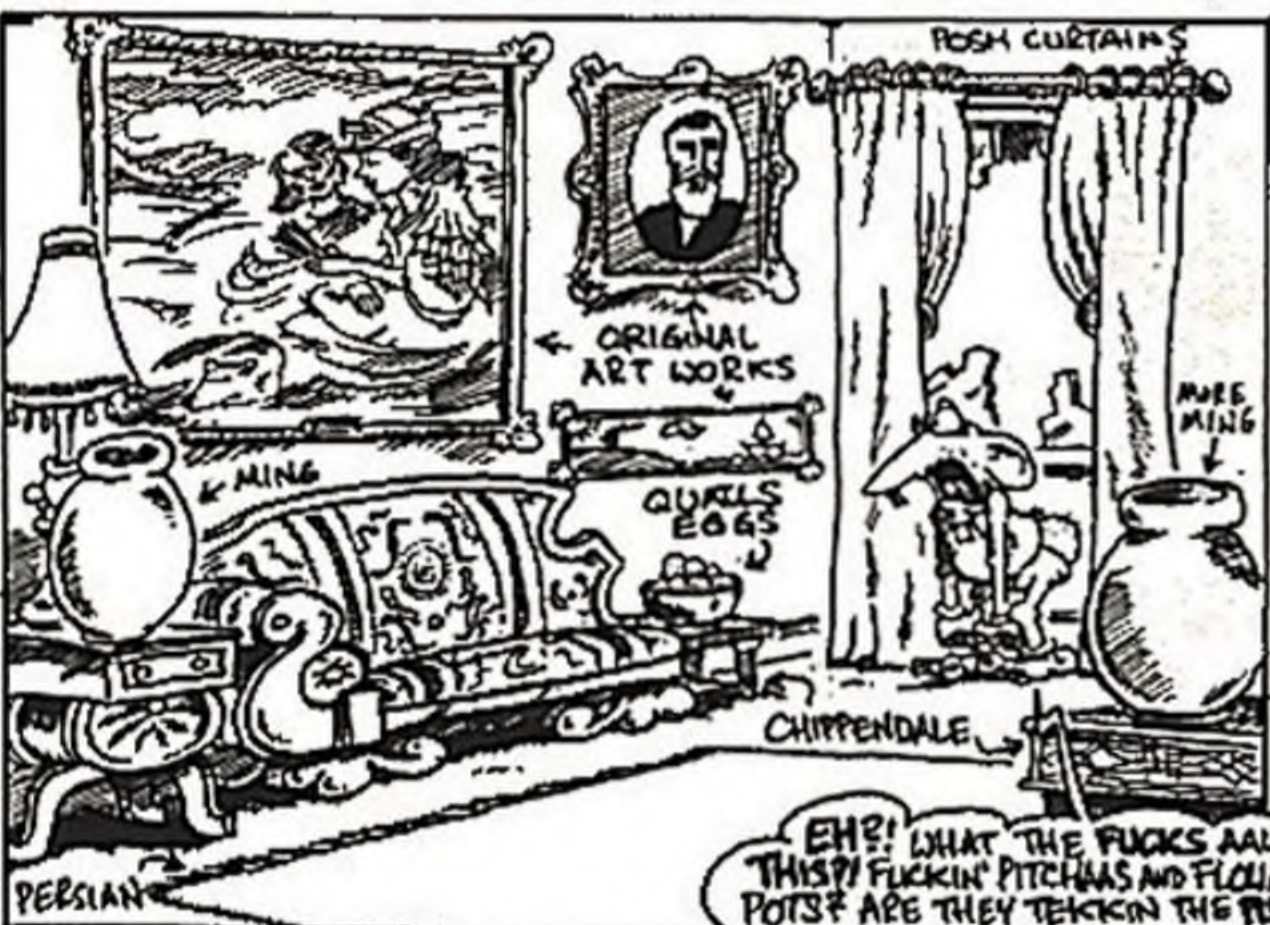
I'm sure a little reincarnation could be arranged, wouldn't you agree Gabriel?



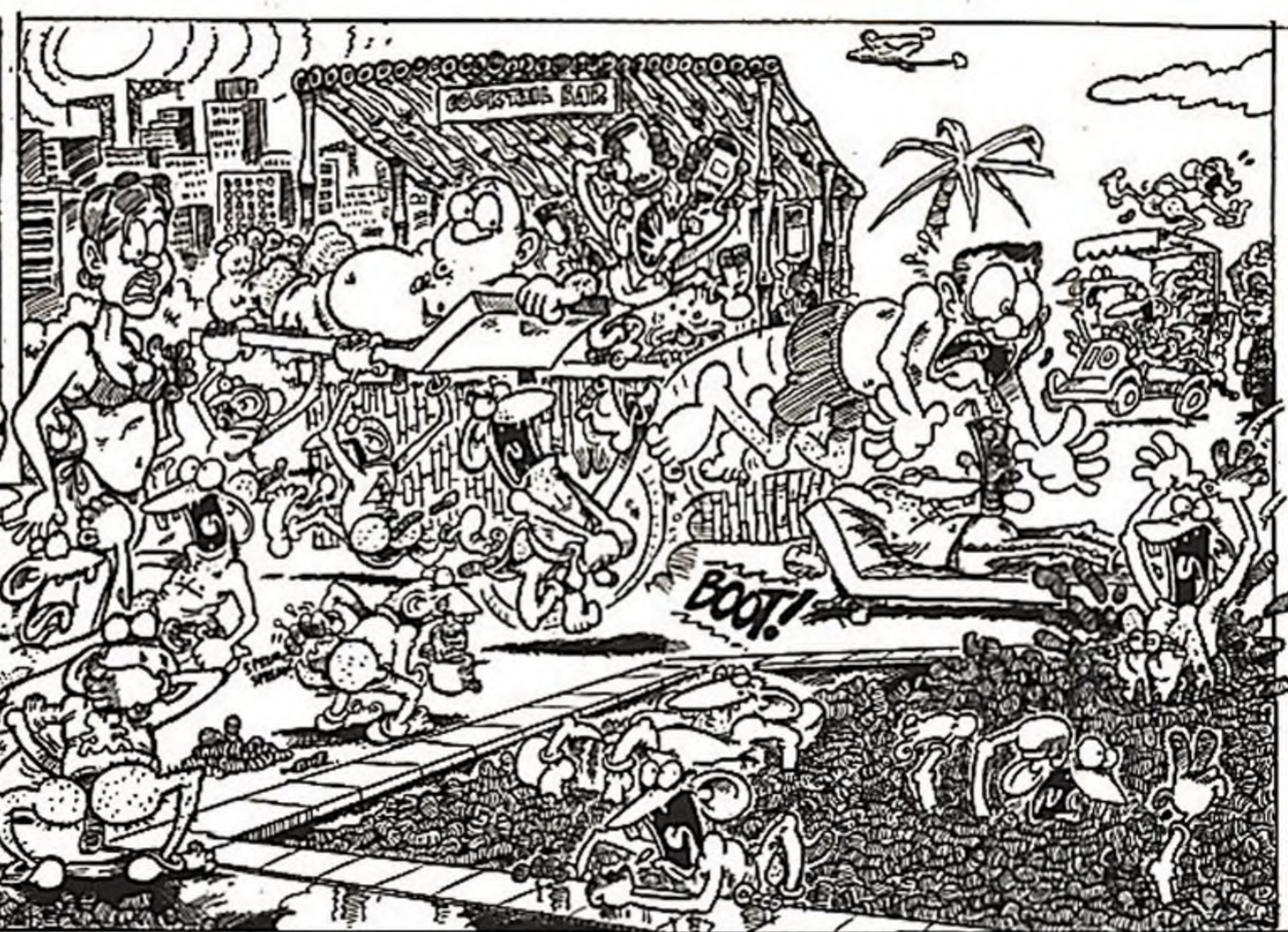












## THE POSTMAN ALWAYS BRINGS MICE





# SPAWNY GET



## Nag! Nag! Nag!

**"I shouldn't NEED to ask you to do the washing up"**

**0891 31011**

**"Who do you think irons your shirts, the bloody Laundry Fairy?"**

**0891 31012**

**"Hang that bath mat up. Hang it up. Hang it up now. Go on, NOW! hang it up!"**

**0891 31013**

**"Take your shoes off, traipsing mud all over the place. Look at my carpet!"**

**0891 31014**

**Britain's hottest, hard-core Nag-line!!!**

WARNING: Not simulated nagging! These calls feature GENUINE nagging of an EXTREMELY CONSTANT nature. Anyone who is easily sick and tired of it should not call. Operated by 'I Don't Know Why I Bother' International Ltd. Calls cost 45p per minute at all times and will go on and on and on.

## Wattle he do?

FEARS were growing last night that poultry by-products supremo Sir Bernard Matthews may have grown a turkey's wattle.

Rumours were fuelled by the fact that in his latest advert, the publicity hungry Norfolk billionaire is seen from one side only in a mysterious half light, as if to disguise the growth of a fleshy excrescence dangling from his chin.

**dinosaur**

A spokesman for Matthews' Turkey Dinosaur empire added to the uncertainty by remaining non committal when questioned by reporters: "No. Sir Bernard is not growing a

by our Rumours Editor  
**HARRY BOLLOCKS**

**Growth of concern over Turkey magnate's chin**

turkey's wattle. I repeat, he is NOT growing a turkey's wattle," she said.

**dyno-rod**

A statement issued by the Boy Scouts Association, who have appeared in many of Bernard Matthews' adverts on account of their small hands making his turkey drummers



Matthews - in happier pre-wattle rumour days yesterday.

look bigger, yesterday added to the mystery. "Bob a job, mister? Wash your car for 50p?" said a spokesman.

**WANTED**

Editor of major national tabloid newspaper seeks a word which sounds like 'Posh', but means 'thin'. Up to £10 paid.

Send to: Mr. Yelland, Box 6, Wapping



and his quest for a  
**TOSS**

and his quest for a

**TOSS**

OH NO- MY BODILY FUNCTIONS MUST  
HAVE ADAPTED TO SUIT MY FWENZIED  
MASTURBATION HABIT. I'D BETTER  
BELT ONE OFF SHARPISH - ELSE I'LL  
GO 'COLD JERKY'

I'M OFF TO WECDOR 'FILM 2000  
AND I'VE JUST HAD MY MID  
MORNING WANK. THAT SHOULD  
SEE ME FREW TO LUNCH

**BUT...**

**SWELL!**  
GURGLE GURGLE  
GLUG GLUG GLUG

GURGLE GURGLE  
GLUG GLUG GLUG!

SOUND OF  
CISTERN  
FILLING UP

OOH - ME  
KNACKERS!

**WUSTLE  
WUSTLE!**

I SHOULD FIND SOME 'BRAMBLE MASS' UNDER HERE

...AHA!

**LUMMAGE!**

BAH! WAZZLE & WUSTLER!  
THESE ARENT OBSCURE  
ENOUGH FOR ME TO EVEN  
RAISE AN ELECTION

Suddenly

**BULGE!**

CHURN!  
CHURN!

YEEARGHH!  
ME SWOLLOCKS!!

CHRIST, I NEED TO EMPTY MY  
HAPPY SACKS - **BLIMEY!** A  
LONDON PHONE BOX! ITS  
BOUND TO BE SWIMMING  
WITH OBSCURE FIWLF!

HO HO! WITH THIS HOARD OF  
DIRT I'LL SOON EMPTY  
MY WANK TANKS!

# INFLATE

**HALF AN HOUR LATER.** **BAH!** I'M GETTING THE SHAKES AND BREAKING OUT IN A COLD SWEAT, BUT I'VE GOT NO TIME FOR A TUG NOW-I'M LATE FOR WORK AT THE BBC

**ВАН!** 11

BAH! MY NUTS HAVE EXPANDED AGAIN-OBSCURING THE EROTICISM... I'D BETTER CALL THE FIRE BRIGADE...

SOON... LET ME IN! LET ME IN QUICKLY!!

SORRY MR ROSS - YOUR GOOSEBERRIES ARE TOO BIG TO FIT THROUGH THE DOOR

JONATHAN! THERE YOU ARE! YOU'RE

WHAT?! I CANT GO ON LIKE THIS- MY NUTS ARE GOING TO BURST- IT'S VERY UNPROFESSIONAL

OH- YOU MUST HAVE FORGOTTEN- YOU'RE PRESENTING A SPECIAL UNCLUT LIVE 72 HOUR MARATHON ON FRENCH ART HOUSE!

A cartoon illustration of a car. The car is dark-colored with a white sign on its side that reads "ARTHOUSE". A speech bubble coming from the car says "HOO-WAY HOO-WAY!". The background is filled with the word "WANK!" repeated many times in a stylized, bubbly font.

ARTHOUSE

[www.couchtracker.com](http://www.couchtracker.com)

**I**t's a comforting thought that even as you read this comic, highly trained Viz Scientists are using 21st Century technology to dream up new jokes about farting and wanking for the next issue of the magazine.

Room **101** dalmatians  
issue

in the shops  
**March 30<sup>th</sup>**  
2000 AD





# Mrs BRADY OLD LADY





